Lydia Lind

Her Book July 7

1802

Lydia Lindsell

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Thomas Lindsell

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THE

MORALIST;

OR,

AMUSING AND INTERESTING

DIALOGUES.

Printed by T. Plummer,
Seething-lane, Tower-ſtreet.

Lydia Lydia Lindsell her

Book July 7. 1800

See these little busy Creatures how they toil they are not altogether labouring for themselves

Dial 6 *Pa 67*

THE

MORALIST;

OR,

AMUSING AND INTERESTING

DIALOGUES,

ON

NATURAL, MORAL, AND RELIGIOUS

SUBJECTS,

CALCULATED

TO AFFORD RATIONAL AND IMPROVING ENTERTAINMENT

TO THE

INGENIOUS YOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HAMLAIN,
&c. &c. &c.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND WEST AND HUGHES, NO. 40, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL.

1799.

Thomas Jefferson

to

Samuel Smith, 3 1802

Th. Jefferson

INTRODUCTION.

THE propenſity too prevalent in the minds of youth to relinquiſh grave and ſerious ſubjects in favour of ſuch as are of a lighter and more amuſing caſt, makes it a difficult thing for pious parents, guardians, and others who have the overſight of youth, to find ſuch books to preſent them with as may afford them that amuſement they ſeek with ſuch avidity, without hazarding any injury to their tender minds.

It is ſtill a greater difficulty to meet with ſuch books, as, at the ſame time that they invite their attention to ſerious and important ſubjects, do, by a ſprightly and ſuſpenſive ſtyle, allure them to a cheerful and unwearied peruſal.

An attempt at ſomething like this, is to be found in the following converſations—original in their ſtyle, and as much ſo in other reſpects as can be expected from ſubjects obvious and common to other writers: theſe, with the ſelect pieces interſperſed, I truſt are ſuch as may be put into the hands of youth, with a reaſonable hope, that

they can ſcarcely begin without going through with them, nor read them through without receiving ſome impreſſions that may tend to their ſolid advantage. I believe in theſe converſations, the ſprightlieſt turns cannot be charged with levity, nor the moſt ſolemn with dullneſs; one of them may appear too important for a place amongſt the reſt, but to the writer there ſeemed a propriety in throwing this ſubject in the youthful reader's way, in ſome ſuch form as this, and he hopes that young people of good ſenſe and ſolid judgment, will be able to extend and improve the hints contained therein.

If the perusal should happily induce one youth to pause at the entrance, or another to retreat before he has advanced so far as to be bewildered in the mazes of sophistry, it will be matter of pleasing reflection to him, who sincerely wishes that they may be preserved out of those paths of uncertain speculation, which it is awful only to *suppose* may terminate in misery that knows no end.

The AUTHOR.

DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

CLEANTHUS.

IF it is a fair queſtion, what do you meet with to amuſe you in that book?

CLEMENTIUS.

I am reading ſome ſelect ſcripture paſſages.

CLEANTHUS.

I aſk your pardon, Clementius; you are then rather devoutly than amuſingly employed, and I will retire, that I may not interrupt you.

CLEMENTIUS.

By no means, Cleanthus. I am rather amuſingly than devoutly employed; yet I hope innocently, if not profitably ſo.

CLEANTHUS.

I hope I reſpect the ſcriptures with due reverence; yet I confeſs, the Bible is the laſt book I ſhould think of having recourſe to for amuſement.

CLEMENTIUS.

That may be, Cleanthus; but you ſhall, if you pleaſe, hear and judge for yourſelf. The paſſage I was juſt reading is ſelected from the Pſalms, and is ſublimely and elegantly deſcriptive of the omnipreſence and omniſcience of our great Creator; and I think nothing but prejudice can with-hold the praiſe due to it.—The words are theſe:

"Whither ſhall I go from thy ſpirit? Or whither ſhall I flee from thy preſence? If I aſcend up into heaven; thou art there: If I make my bed in hell; behold thou art there: If I take the wings of the morning,

and dwell in the uttermoſt parts of the ſea; even there ſhall thy hand lead me, and thy right-hand ſhall hold me.

"If I ſay, ſurely the darkneſs ſhall cover me; even the night ſhall be light about me; the darkneſs hideth not from thee, but the night ſhineth as the day; the darkneſs and the light are both alike to thee."

CLEANTHUS.

This, indeed, is a paſſage wonderfully grand and beautiful.

CLEMENTIUS.

Yes, Cleanthus; and it may be worth while to compare it with ſomething to the ſame import, written by him who is often ſtiled the divine Plato, who ſpeaking of the utter impoſſibility that a guilty perſon ſhould be concealed or protected from the vindictive notice of divine juſtice, has theſe remarkable words:

"Thou wilt never be overlooked or

neglected by it, though thou be ſo ſmall that thou ſinkeſt into the depths of the earth; or ſo lofty that thou fleeſt up to heaven; whether thou continueſt here or goeſt to Hades, or be carried to a more remote and terrible place *."

CLEANTHUS.

It ſhould ſeem that the author of theſe words had the ſacred paſſage in view; but whether they are the original effuſions of his own mind, or an imitation of the royal pſalmiſt, it is obvious that they fall very far ſhort of it.

CLEMENTIUS.

I think ſo too, Cleanthus, and I recollect an obſervation of a very eminent claſſical ſcholar, who declared it as his opinion, that in comparing the old claſſical writings and the holy Bible together, he thought the eloquence of Greece and Rome never appeared with ſuch diſadvantage as when

* Plato's Phœdo, p. 167, 168; the ſame De Leg. 10 p. 124.

thus compared with the ſuperior and deviner ſublimity of the prophets and apoſtles.

CLEANTHUS.

The inſtance of the two paſſages but now read, ſeems to corroberate this idea.

CLEMENTIUS.

And it has often ſtruck me, that if ſuch a compariſion was made with ſome of the moſt approved paſſages in modern writings, they would alſo ſuffer much by the competition; but you now ſee what kind of amuſement I am purſuing.

CLEANTHUS.

And am much pleaſed with it. What other ſcriptural beauties does your ſelection afford?

CLEMENTHUS.

Many; but as they may be too long to enter into at this time, I will ſelect two or three ſhort ones, and leave the ſubject for your own future purſuit at leiſure.—Here

then is one, in which I very much admire the figurative and poetic manner in which David expreſſes his full confidence in God, and which ſeems to ſavour not unpleaſantly of that time, which he ſpent in tending his father Jeſſe's ſheep in the wilderneſs,

" The Lord (ſays he) is my ſhepherd;
I ſhall not want:
He maketh me to lie down in green paſtures:
He leadeth me beſide the ſtill waters."

And then, by a ſudden tranſition, paſſes to that ſpiritual care which is the ſubject of his grateful and eloquent acknowledgments in the remaining part of this delightful hymn:

" Thou refreſheſt my ſoul: thou leadeſt me in the paths of righteouſneſs for thy name's ſake: yea, though I walk through the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: Thou prepareſt a table for me in the preſence of mine enemies: thou anointeſt my head

with oil: my cup runneth over: Surely goodneſs and mercy ſhall follow me all the days of my life; and I ſhall dwell in the houſe of the Lord for ever."

CLEANTHUS.

This is, indeed, another beautiful ſpecimen, and encreaſes my deſire to hear more.

CLEMENTIUS.

Well, then, ſuppoſe I give you an inſtance of David's abilities in elegiac poetry.

CLEANTHUS.

Do ſo, Clementius.

CLEMENTIUS.

The ſcripture then informs us, that Saul and Jonathan his ſon, David's beloved friend, fell in an unſucceſsful engagement with the Philiſtines, near Mount Gilboa. On hearing the ſorrowful tidings of which, it is ſaid, that David took up this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his ſon.

" The beauty of Iſrael is ſlain upon thy high places:
How are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath, publiſh it not in the
ſtreets of Aſkelon;
Leſt the daughters of the Philiſtines re-
joice;
Leſt the daughters of the uncircumciſed
triumph.
Ye mountains of Gilboa let there be no
dew,
Neither let there be rains upon you,
Nor fields of offering:
For there the ſhield of the mighty was
vilely caſt away:
The ſhield of Saul as though he had not
been anointed with oil.
From the blood of the ſlain,
From the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back, and
The ſword of Saul returned not empty:
Saul and Jonathan were lovely, and plea-
ſant in their lives:
And in their deaths they were not divided:
They were ſwifter than eagles:
They were ſtronger than lions:
Ye daughters of Iſrael, weep over Saul,

Who clothed you in ſcarlet with other delights,
Who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel:
How are the mighty fallen!
In the midſt of the battle, O! Jonathan,
Thou waſt ſlain in thine high places:
I am diſtreſſed for thee, my brother Jonathan,
Very pleaſant haſt thou been unto me;
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Paſſing the love of women:
How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war periſhed!"

CLEANTHUS.

You really ſurpriſe me, Clementius, with theſe inſtances of ſcripture elegance and ſublimity.

CLEMENTIUS.

Yes; and have we not a right to the ſame remark, which is conſtantly applied to other tranſlations, viz. that it is not poſſible, eſpecially in poetry, to preſerve or

fully attain to all the beauties of the original; and I can assure you, that to hear this elegiac poem pronounced in the original language, even to a person who does not understand a word of what he hears, there is conveyed, in the sound only, a plaintive dignity and mournful grandeur, that is wonderfully affecting.

CLEANTHUS.

It is reasonable to suppose we lose some portion of the beauties of these passages of scripture in the translating of them?

CLEMENTIUS.

I will recite to you two or three instances of grandeur and magnificence in the scripture exordiums (or, commencements of subjects) and then, if you still are inclined to pursue this species of entertainment, I will attend you cheerfully at another opportunity, either here or any where else that is convenient to you.

CLEANTHUS.

I am much obliged to you, Clementius,

and ſhall be happy to embrace the offer whenever it may be conſiſtent with your own convenience.

CLEMENTIUS.

What think you then of to-morrow, a little earlier than the preſent time, and in this place?

CLEANTHUS.

It is perfectly agreeable, Clementius.

CLEMENTIUS.

Well, then before we part, I will, as I propoſed, repeat a ſacred exordium or two, and then diſmiſs the ſubject. Among theſe, I think the manner in which Moſes commences his prophetical and hiſtorical ſong, is worth our notice.—It runs thus:

"Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will ſpeak,
And hear, O earth, the words of my mouth:
My doctrine ſhall drop as the rain;
My ſpeech ſhall diſtil as the dew:
As the ſmall rain upon the tender herb,
And as the gentle ſhower upon the graſs,
For I will publiſh the name of the Lord.

Aſcribe ye greatneſs to our God:
He is the rock:
His work is perfect; for all his ways are juſt:
A God of truth, and without iniquity,
Juſt and right is he."

In a manner ſomething ſimilar to this, Iſaiah commences his juſtly admired prophecy.

"Hear, O heavens, and give ear O earth, for the Lord hath ſpoken."

The lamentations of the mournful prophet Jeremiah is another inſtance of beauty in this kind, which begins thus:

"How doth the city ſit ſolitary that was full of people?
How doth ſhe ſit as a widow!
She that was great among the nations,
And princeſs among the provinces,
How is ſhe become tributary?
She weepeth ſore in the night;
Her tears are on her cheeks;

Among all her lovers ſhe hath none to
comfort her;
All her friends have dealt treacherouſly
with her."

I will add but one more, though there are many other that are worth your while to look out yourſelf; and which will, in my opinion, reward your application. This is taken from the New Teſtament—it is the apoſtle Paul's introduction to his Epiſtle to the Hebrews, in which he is labouring to eſtabliſh the ſuperiority and excellence of the evangelical diſpenſation above the prophetical which immediately preceded it.—He begins thus:

"God, who at ſundry times, and in divers manners, ſpake in time paſt unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in theſe laſt days ſpoken unto us by his ſon, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom he made the worlds."

This is an exordium, which, beſides its

elegance and dignity, contains much more than may occur to a ſuperficial reader. I have now, Cleanthus, fully anſwered your queſtion reſpecting the amuſement I met with in this book, and if you continue in the ſame mind, we will renew the ſubject at the propoſed time: I muſt now bid you adieu.

CLEANTHUS.

Dear Clementius, I am extremely delighted with theſe ſpecimens of ſcriptural beauties; I am much obliged to you, and will, for the preſent, bid you adieu. Remember your appointment.

CLEMENTIUS.

I will remember.

DIALOGUE II.

GEORGE AND ALMIRA.

ALMIRA.

LET us take a walk into the garden, it will be very pleaſant after this ſoft and gentle ſhower.

GEORGE.

With all my heart, Almira; the air will be agreeably cooled, and the ſweet odours of the flowers will now exhale more copiouſly—the verdure of the leaves, and the beauteous tints of Flora's pictures, will be greatly heightened and improved by its means.

ALMIRA.

But tell me, George, why do the plants and flowers emit more liberally their grateful odours after a ſoft ſhower?

GEORGE.

And why ſhould my Almira ſuppoſe me philoſopher enough to anſwer ſuch a queſtion?

ALMIRA.

I did not know that my queſtion required a philoſopher to anſwer it, but be it ſo.

GEORGE.

I recollect reading ſomething on this ſubject, which I will endeavour to give you as well as I can—the fact is ſuppoſed to be this: That all flowers, and leaves of aromatic plants have certain ſmall globular veſſels adhering to their ſufaces, which contain this natural perfume; theſe veſſels are compoſed of a ſubſtance ſufficiently cloſe to prevent this very ſubtle effluvia from eſcaping too ſuddenly, ſo that, by this means, it lingers longer in the air, and is not exhauſted all at once, but keeps up a continual emiſſion of theſe delightful odours. This is the general theory of the oderiferous flavor of plants and flowers.

ALMIRA.

This ſeems very ſatisfactory as to the agreeable ſcent that proceeds from plants and flowers, but I do not yet perceive the reaſon why they perfume the air more powerfully after a ſhower.

GEORGE.

But I think, Almira, it will lead us to what we are ſeeking, if we conſider that the hotter and drier the air is, the lighter it is; conſequently, theſe fine particles will ſooner aſcend out of the reach of our ſmell, but the air, both before and after the rain, as well as during its continuance, is ſo heavy as to retard theſe particles in their aſcent, and by this means the air is more abundantly charged with theſe delicate particles that eſcape when the air is lighter.

ALMIRA.

I am very well pleaſed with this account of the matter, and it alſo explains another circumſtance which I have ſometimes been

at a loſs reſpecting; and that is, the ſcent of a flower, or aromatic leaf, is increaſed by touching, which, on this plan, muſt be owing to cruſhing theſe globules, and ſetting at liberty a greater quantity of this ſubtle vapour.

GEORGE.

Now, Almira, Who's the philoſopher? I think I had more need to apply to you; I ſhall be careful in future how I expoſe myſelf by attempting to inſtruct you.

ALMIRA.

None of your jeſting, or I ſhall propoſe another queſtion to find you better employment.

GEORGE.

Perhaps there is no way of paſſing time that is more agreeable and improving than that of mutually propoſing and anſwering queſtions, for it gains from others that knowledge which they may poſſeſs and we do not; it gives both parties an opportunity of refreſhing their memories by put-

ting them on the recollecting of things which they once knew, and are liable to forget for want of practice; it calls forth the attention of the mind to ſubjects it has neglected, and by ſtimulating it to commendable reſearches, improves its energy; and laſtly, it may often do us good in letting us down a few ſteps lower than the ſituation our vanity had raiſed us to, by ſhewing us how many things we are ignorant of, even among the moſt trifling and common occurrences in nature.

ALMIRA.

Your obſervations are very juſt, and I ſhould like that this exerciſe ſhould form a principal part of the amuſement of our walks; and we can never be at a loſs while there is a tree, a ſhrub, a leaf, an inſect, or a grain of ſand.

GEORGE.

Ah, Almira, there is none of theſe, not even the laſt and leaſt you have mentioned, but contains inſcrutable wonders.

If we were to reaſon from analogy, and begin with a tolerably ſized pebble, and obſerving that it was covered with two or three external coats that differed in colour and texture from each other, as well as the internal ſubſtance differed from them; that there were here and there ſmall corroded orifices, the habitations of inſects: If we then proceeded downwards as long as our eyes would ſerve us on the occaſion, and found things ſimilar, we were then to conjecture, or infer by analogy, that the ſmalleſt grain of ſand that we can obſerve, and ſome ſtill ſmaller that the ſight could not take cognizance of, had, in like manner, their little cavities, which afforded reſidence and ſhelter to animated matter, we ſhould be apt to conclude that the reaſoning of analogy was carried too far: But the matter is now put out of doubt, and ſuch is the improvement of optical inſtruments, that a good microſcope proves the fact by ocular demonſtration. But the

formation of the parts of this *minute minutia*—its natural hiſtory—and the atom mountain whoſe cavern is its habitation, who ſhall tell!

ALMIRA.

If, then, the ſmalleſt grain of ſand be too much for the moſt acute philoſopher to explore, how ſhall the human mind embrace and penetrate the myſteries of worlds on worlds in infinite perſpective, and the vaſt ſpace in which they move immeaſurably diſtant from each other? Is it not then

"The fool that hath ſaid in his heart there is no God?"

Theſe things certainly agree in confirmation of this ſcriptural aſſertion,

"All thy works praiſe thee."

GEORGE.

Theſe are juſt remarks, Almira; let us now turn our attention to the ornaments of the garden. What a beautiful variety is diſplayed in that aſſemblage of rich form

and colours! How beautiful that bluſhing roſe appears enthroned, as it were, upon its moſſy ſtem! and that fair lily that rears its head in ſuch harmonious contraſt! Theſe, Almira, when preſented by the flatterer's hand, though beauteous in themſelves, are dangerous and infectious; but the more faithful moraliſt applies them as an antidote to the flatterer's bane.

"Fair nymph," he ſays, "thyſelf ſurvey
In this ſweet offspring of a day,
That miracle of face muſt fail,
Thy charms are ſweet; but charms are frail,
Swift as the ſhort-lived flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at ev'ning die;
Tho' ſickneſs yet a while forbears,
Yet time deſtroys what ſickneſs ſpares."

ALMIRA.

Theſe lines contain a needful caution, but I am inclined to think that perſonal vanity is not wholly confined to our ſex: I think I have met with men who

have not been behind hand with the vaineſt of us in this reſpect.

GEORGE.

I grant it, Almira, and I alſo think it is more intolerable and diſguſting, but we will conſign each to time to effect their cure; if he ſhould fail, death will infallibly ſucceed.

ALMIRA.

Well, we will leave them, and look with pleaſure on theſe beauties that are perfect ſtrangers to vanity. What an inexhauſtible variety there is even in what we may call the floreal part of vegetation; I mean thoſe plants in which the flower appears to be the moſt principal part. If we take the general form and ſize in the firſt place, in the next place the variety of films or petules, which compoſe the flower, what inexhauſtible invention diſplays itſelf in ſuch an almoſt infinite number of rich drawings, as the mere uncoloured outlines afford! When we add to this the aſtoniſh-

ing and rich variety of tints—the many curious circumſtances in the curlings and indentings of the foliage that adorns the ſtems that ſupport them, we ſeem to be loſt in juſt aſtoniſhment at all theſe wonders of the vegetable tribe, and of which thoſe diſtinguiſhed by the name of flowers form but a very ſmall part.

GEORGE.

It is indeed wonderful, Almira; and which ever way we view the vegetable kingdom, as it is called, we muſt acknowledge it to be not only the original work, but the object of the conſerving power and care of a being infinite in wiſdom, unlimited in ability, and unbounded in his benevolence to man; for this their virtues clearly prove. Delightful to the ſight and ſmell are the beauteous flowers; grateful to the taſte, and very nutritive are the culinary plants; and thrice welcome to the ſick, the faint, and wounded, are thoſe which, from their ſalutary uſes,

are called medicinal. When thus viewing the ſmaller and more minute parts of God's creation, we ſee the encouraging proofs of the tender regard and notice of the Supreme Being, in all theſe proviſions for the workmanſhip of his hands; and if David, in ſurveying the celeſtial wonders, exclaimed, "Lord, what is man!" ſeeming almoſt to intimate a doubt, whether the greatneſs of ſuch a being could condeſcend ſo much as to look down upon the ſons of men: When we find he has provided the ſmalleſt inſect and worm with the means of attending to its wants and ſafety, we are led to hope, if he thus care for theſe, ſurely man is not beneath the notice of his maker!

ALMIRA.

And how wonderful when we conſider the ſimple ſecondary ſource of all theſe forms and colours is from waters!—for the earth perhaps contributes nothing but ſta-

bility to the plant, and a reſervoir to the water, where it may lodge ſo near the root as to be inhaled by its fibres, and thence through the ſtem tranſmitted to its extremities; that this operation ſhould produce a regular maſs, ſuch as a turnip, or an apple, does not ſeem to aſtoniſh quite ſo much, but even this is knowledge out of our reach: But when we conſider the delicate forms of ſome leaves, and the beauteous colouring of the flowers, all formed of this percolated moiſture, we are indeed left in aſtoniſhment, and all terminates in this—to wonder and adore.

GEORGE.

It was this conſideration of God's providence that led the ſweet ſinger of Iſrael to compoſe that beautiful hymn of praiſe, the 104th Pſalm, which, if you pleaſe, we will now return to the houſe and read; we ſhall, perhaps, never reliſh its beauties more than at the cloſe of employment like the preſent.

ALMIRA.

I approve very much of this propoſal—let us return thither and find this pſalm.

GEORGE.

Here it is.

ALMIRA.

Read it if you pleaſe.

GEORGE.

There is one thing remarkable in David's ſongs of praiſe; namely, that he almoſt always begins with ſtirring up his ſoul to praiſe, in theſe words: "Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul!" and then proceeds—"O Lord, my God, thou art very great:
Thou art clothed with honour and majeſty;
Thou covereſt thyſelf with light as a garment:
Thou ſtretcheſt out the heavens as a curtain:
Thou makeſt thy chambers in the deep:
The clouds are thy chariots,

And thou walkeſt upon the wings of the wind.
Thou makeſt thy angels ſpirits,
And thy miniſters a flaming fire.
Thou layedſt the foundations of the earth,
That it ſhould not be removed for ever:
Thou coveredſt it with the deep as a garment:
The waters ſtood above the mountains:
At thy rebuke they fled:
They haſtened away at the voice of thy thunder:
They riſe up as mountains:
They ſink down as vallies,
To the place thou haſt founded for them:
Thou haſt ſet a bound that they may not paſs,
That they return not again to cover the earth:
Thou ſendeſt the ſprings into the vallies,
Cauſing them to flow among the hills;
Theſe give drink to every beaſt of the field,
At theſe the wild aſſes quench their thirſt;

By theſe grow the ſpreading trees,
The habitations of birds which ſing upon
their branches.
The hills are watered from thy * chambers;
The earth is ſatisfied with the fruit of thy
works.
Thou cauſeſt graſs to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the ſervice of man,
That he may bring forth food from the earth.
And wine that maketh glad the heart,
And oil that cauſeth his face to ſhine,
And bread that ſtrengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the Lord are full,
The cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted;
For there the birds make their neſts,
And the ſtork her houſe in the fir trees:
The high hills are the refuge of the wild
goats,
And the rocks of the ſmaller beaſts.

* David is here conſiſtent with himſelf, for he before called the deep, the chambers of God;—from theſe chambers, he ſays, the hills are watered, and the vallies by the ſtreams which run from the mountains.

Thou appointeſt the moon for ſeaſons;
The ſun knoweth his going down;
Thou makeſt darkneſs, and it is night,
Wherein all the beaſts of the foreſt creep forth;
The young lions roar after their prey,
Even theſe ſeek their meat from thee;
The ſun ariſeth, and they return,
And lay them down in their dens:
Man goeth forth to his work,
And to his labour, until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wiſdom haſt thou made them all! the earth is full of thy riches! and ſo is this great and wide ſea, wherein are things innumerable, both ſmall and great.

There go the ſhips, and that Leviathan,
Whom thou haſt made to ſport therein;
Theſe all wait upon thee for their food,
Which thou giveſt them in due ſeaſon;
Thou giveſt them, and they gather,
Thou openeſt thy hand, they are filled with good;

Thou hideſt thy face, they are troubled;
Thou takeſt away their breath, and they return to duſt:
Thou ſendeſt forth thy ſpirit, they are created,
And thou reneweſt the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord ſhall endure for ever!
The Lord ſhall rejoice in his works!
He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth!
He toucheth the hills, and they ſmoke!

I will ſing unto the Lord as long as I live,
I will praiſe the Lord while I have my being;
My meditation of him ſhall be ſweet,
And I will rejoice in the Lord.

ALMIRA.

This is truly beautiful; and may all our obſervations on the wonders of creation end thus.

DIALOGUE III.

MARIA AND LAVINIA.

MARIA.

HOW awfully tremendous was the laſt night's ſtorm, my dear Lavinia!

LAVINIA.

Dreadful indeed, Maria. I tremble ſtill at the recollection of its horrors; I ſtill fancy that I hear the loud peals of thunder; I ſeem ſtill to ſee the vivid flaſhes, that appeared to make darkneſs itſelf viſible by contraſt.

MARIA.

The ſky ſtill retains tokens of this furious conteſt of jarring elements, in the wild diſorder of the agitated clouds; but the wind is now abated, and the light of day, tho' clouded, is more gratefully welcomed, after the lingering darkneſs of this

terrific night, than the brighteſt ſummer morn has ever yet been, after a night of calm and ſweet repoſe.

LAVINIA.

But what, Maria, muſt they have ſeen and felt, who have been expoſed to all the terrors of the ſtorm upon the foaming deep. Theſe often come into my mind when I hear the boiſterous winds, and I cannot help ſympathiſing with them in their diſtreſſes; and in thinking of them I recollect theſe deſcriptive lines of the Pſalmiſt:

"They that go down to the ſea in ſhips,
That do buſineſs in mighty waters,
Theſe ſee the works of the Lord,
And view his wonders in the deep;
For he commandeth the ſtormy winds,
And they lift up the waves thereof;
They mount up to the heaven,
They ſink down again to the depths;
Their ſoul is melted becauſe of trouble:
They reel to and fro,

They ſtagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wit's end:
Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble
And he bringeth them out of their diſtreſſes;
He maketh the ſtorm a calm,
So that the troubled waves are ſtill:
Then they rejoice becauſe they be quiet,
And are brought to their deſired haven.

O that men would therefore praiſe the Lord for his goodneſs, and his wonderful works to the children of men!"

MARIA.

Theſe are beautiful lines indeed, and very deſcriptive; but I often think, Lavinia, why ſhould our merciful Creator permit theſe fierce, and frequently deſtructive tempeſts, which often do much damage, both by ſea and land.

LAVINIA.

Perhaps, Maria, I cannot anſwer you better than by another quere: "Shall not the Lord of all the earth do right?" That is as much as to ſay, Can any thing be

wrong that the Almighty himſelf does, or permits in the courſe of nature? And he that gave to man his life and being, ſhall he not recall his own gift where and how he pleaſes;—whether he chooſe to call by ſudden death, by quick or ſlow diſeaſe, or it pleaſes him to ſummons us by the more awful means of the tempeſtuous ſtorm?

MARIA.

It is true, Lavinia, we have no right to queſtion, but adore; and perhaps if we could in this ſee into the whole plan of providence, we ſhould have to admire divine goodneſs, when awfully clothed in the wintry ſtorms, as much as when more pleaſingly arrayed in all the ſplendor of his ſummer glories.

LAVINIA.

It is for want, Maria, of being able thus to view things, that we preſume to call in queſtion the ways of the Moſt High. But the ſtorm is not always fatal to the mariner, as David obſerves,

they cry in their diſtreſs unto the Lord, and he ſtills the tempeſt, and brings them to their deſired port. The number of veſſels that periſh in the ſtorm is few in compariſon of thoſe that happily ſurvive the tempeſt: But can we wonder when, after ſuch delivery from danger, they no longer remember their tears and vows, but return again to blaſphemy and forgetfulneſs of Him, who heard, and pitied their diſtreſs, that he ſhould at length ceaſe to deliver.

LAVINIA.

When we thus view things, we may rather wonder at the forbearance of the Almighty, in that he does not oftener array himſelf in the awful tempeſt, and cauſing his lightning to go before him, plead with ungrateful man in the voice of thunder; but we are not to conſider the ſtorms and tempeſts as judgments unmixed with mercy, for the air, like the water, if it remain too long in a ſtagnant ſtate, grows putrid and malignant: But how

clear and pure is the running ſtream!—it is ſo with the air; if it were not ſometimes violently agitated with the winds and lightning too, it would ſoon contract ſome peſtilential influence, that in a few days would produce more diſmal effects than the ſtorms of many years all put together. It is not, then, for poor creatures like us, ſo limitted in our knowledge, to arraign the wiſdom and goodneſs of our great creator; but reverently to adore him, who, in the midſt of judgment remembers mercy,

MARIA.

This is the beſt concluſion we can come to, reſpecting things ſo much out of our reach.

We will now, Lavinia, if you pleaſe, juſt ſtep acroſs the moor, and ſee how our poor little cottagers fare; poor things! no doubt, they have been ſadly terrified with this diſmal ſtorm. And they may, perhaps, have ſuſtained ſome damages, which we can

eaſily aſſiſt them to repair; though they themſelves could never ſurmount them.—We will go, Lavinia, I juſt think I ſee the little innocents running to meet us with their aſtoniſh'd countenances.

LAVINIA.

But if any thing ſhall have happened to poor William! if his anxiety to gather and ſecure his little flock, his whole dependence, ſhould have led him far from home, and he have fallen beneath the ſtorm, how can we bear to ſee his diſtreſſed widow and his orphan lambs.

MARIA.

We will hope for the beſt; but if it even ſhould be ſo, there is more occaſion for ſome friendly aſſiſtance and conſolation.

LAVINIA.

We will proceed then. Ah! that fallen fence ſeems to forbode no good; but we will not anticipate trouble.

MARIA.

There is Keeper begins to bark; we

ſhall ſoon have ſome of the family out.—Ah! here is Hannah herſelf, poor woman ſhe ſeems agitated.

HANNAH.

Oh! Miſs Lavinia! Oh! Miſs Maria! ſuch a night!

LAVINIA.

Yes, Hannah, it has been a diſmal night indeed, but how is William, is he well?

HANNAH.

O yes! I think—I hope—I—yes—God be praiſed—I will go and———

MARIA.

You ſeem fluttered, Hannah; endeavour to compoſe yourſelf, you have been alarmed, I ſee.

HANNAH.

Your ladyſhips will excuſe me; I hardly know what I ſay or do; and I can hardly believe my own eyes; I ſcarcely know whether I am awake or dreaming.

SALLY.

Yes, mother, it is, indeed, my dear

father ; he is indeed in the bed ; don't you know I helped you to pull off his wet coat.

HANNAH.

O yes, my dear, I remember.

LAVINIA.

Then, I ſuppoſe, poor William has been out in all this ſtorm.

HANNAH.

He has, Miſs Lavinia, been out all this diſmal night ; I did not ſet my eyes on him till day break this morning ; I thought I ſhould never ſee my dear William again.

MARIA.

You ſee, Hannah, God is very good to us ; we ſhould be very thankful to him for all his mercies.

HANNAH.

Yes, Miſs Maria, he is, indeed, very good ; what ſhould have become of me and theſe dear children, if William had been dead indeed.

LAVINIA.

God would have given you friends, Hannah; I hope you would not have wanted.

HANNAH.

I hope not, Miſs Lavinia; but then the loſs of my dear William! I think I never ſhould have got over that.—I thought it would have broke my heart laſt night, when I look'd at his little favourite, and thought how he uſed to ſtretch out his little hands, and ſeem as if he would ſpring off my knees to meet his father, as ſoon as he heard his ſtep within the porch.—Ah! thought I, your dear little heart will never beat again at the ſound of your father's feet; he will never more dandle you upon his knee: And then I thought my very heart would break, it was ſo full.

MARIA.

We rejoice with you Hannah, that it is not ſo: Pray how happened it that William was out all night.

HANNAH.

He went out early in the afternoon to gather the ſheep together, to fold them near home, as the ſky looked very threatning; but whether any thing had frightened them, or how it was I cannot tell, but they had got a good deal further from home than William expected, and it was near dark before he found them; and he hardly got them well together before the tempeſt came on, and it grew ſo dark that he was quite at a loſs which way to move, and the night ſet in ſo black and diſmal, that he was obliged to content himſelf with the beſt ſhelter he could find, and you may eaſily gueſs what a night he muſt have had.

LAVINIA.

Poor man, a diſmal night indeed! where are the other children?

HANNAH.

Little William is in the cradle, the other two are not up yet; for they were

ſo diſturbed in the night that they got but little ſleep: and here is poor Sarah had need to be in bed too, for ſhe has been up with me all night; indeed I don't know what I ſhould have done, if it had not been for Sarah's company.

MARIA.

Well, Hannah, it is well it has ended thus comfortably: we ſee the ſtorm has done you ſome damage; but don't be diſcouraged, as long as you have got your dear William ſafe at home. But we will look in again to-morrow, and ſee if we can be of any ſervice to you.

HANNAH.

Your ladyſhips are very good indeed.

LAVINIA.

Remember us to William: Good bye, Hannah, good bye, Sarah.

HANNAH.

Good bye, your ladyſhips, and God bleſs you both.

LAVINIA.

What diſtreſs this poor woman muſt have been in, through ſuch a night of ſuſpenſe and terror.

MARIA.

A diſmal ſituation indeed! and William, poor man, muſt have ſuffered much. The rich and affluent know little of the dangers and fatigues the labouring part of ſociety undergo in procuring the neceſſaries of life. We eat our meat without knowing, or thinking of the ſhepherd's toils: We enjoy the luxuries of diſtant climates, and never once reflect upon the ſeaman's danger.

DIALOGUE IV.

CLEMENTIUS AND CLEANTHUS.

CLEMENTIUS.

WELL, Cleanthus, you are true to your aſſignation; who would have thought Cleanthus would have been ſo eager for amuſement from the ſacred writings.

CLEANTHUS.

Ah! you are pleaſed to jeſt with me; but I am not aſhamed to confeſs myſelf a convert to this kind of entertainment.

CLEMENTIUS.

We have had an inſtance or two in poetry; ſuppoſe we ſee if we can find any thing that is worthy of regard for elegance and dignity in proſe.

CLEANTHUS.

Any thing, Clementius, that you think proper.

CLEMENTIUS.

We will, then, turn to Paul's defence of himself before Felix, against the illiberal charges of Tertullus the orator: but to relish the beauty of the defence, we must read the charge, which runs thus:

"Seeing that by thee we enjoy great quietness, and that very worthy deeds are done unto this nation by thy providence; we accept it always, and in all places, most noble Felix, with all thankfulness; notwithstanding that I may not be further tedious unto thee, I pray thee that thou wouldst hear us, of thy clemency, a few words:

"For we have found this man a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the world, and a ringleader of the heresy of the Nazarenes: who also hath gone about to profane the Temple; whom we took, and would have judged according to our law; but the chief captain, Lysias, came upon us, and with

great violence took him away out of our hands, commanding his accuſers to come unto thee to be examined of theſe matters. And the Jews alſo aſſented, ſaying theſe things were ſo."

Then Paul, after that the governor had beckoned him to ſpeak, anſwered :

" Foraſmuch as I know that thou haſt been for many years a judge unto this nation, I do the more cheerfully anſwer for myſelf :—

" It is then but twelve days ſince I went up to Jeruſalem to worſhip ; but they neither found me in the temple diſputing with any man, nor ſtirring up the people ; neither in the ſynagogue nor in the city ; nor can they prove the things whereof they now accuſe me : But this I confeſs unto thee, that after the way which they call hereſy, ſo worſhip I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets, having

this hope towards God (which they themſelves alſo allow) that there ſhall be a reſurrection of the dead, both of the juſt and unjuſt: and herein do I exerciſe myſelf to have always a conſcience void of offence towards God and man. Now after many years I came to bring alms unto my nation, and offerings, from Aſia, on which account certain Jews found me in the temple, purified, and without multitude or tumult; who ought to have been before thee, and object, if they had any thing againſt me; or elſe, let them that are here ſay, if they have found any evil doing in me while I ſtood before the council, except it be, that ſtanding among them, I cried out in theſe words: 'Touching the reſurrection of the dead I am called in queſtion by you this day.'

CLEANTHUS.

There is a great deal of dignity and firmneſs, I think, in the Apoſtle's defence, as well as clearneſs and eloquence.

CLEMENTIUS.

There is indeed; and what I much admire is the close and unevasive manner in which the Apostle replies distinctly to each charge; acknowledging facts, but repelling falshood and slander.

The charges are these;

1. That he was a pestilent fellow.
2. A mover or stirrer up of sedition among all the Jews.
3. A ringleader of the heresy of the Nazarenes.
4. And a profaner of the temple.

The first charge:—his whole defence is a continued refutation.

To the second he replies, by declaring that he came up to Jerusalem to worship; and that so far from stirring up the people to sedition, that they did not even find him disputing with any man; and challenges them to prove either charge.

To the third charge, of being a ring-

leader in the *Hereſy* of the Nazarenes, he boldly avows the fact of being a Chriſtian; and replies, in words full of dignity and eloquence:

"But this I confeſs unto thee, that after the way, which they call *Hereſy*, ſo worſhip I the God of my fathers; believing all things that are written in the law, and in the prophets."

To the fourth, viz. the prophanation of the temple, he replies, by declaring that he went up to the temple to preſent alms and offerings; that the Jews indeed found him there, but purified, and without multitude or noiſe; and then notices the abſence of thoſe who ought to have been there, to prove their charges if they could do it.

But as theſe were not preſent to prove the charges brought againſt him, with reſpect to his conduct in the temple, he calls upon thoſe who are preſent, to declare what his behaviour was before the council, and ſay if they have any thing to charge

him with, except preaching to them the reſurrection of the dead.

CLEANTHUS.

This is very pleaſing; I have admired the general firmneſs and eloquence of this defence, but never obſerved ſo much of its conſiſtency and propriety, with reſpect to the charges before; but I think your extract varies a little from all the tranſlations I have ſeen.

CLEMENTIUS.

A little; but not more than the original and the context warrant.

There is an unneceſſary departure from the original in tranſlating the ſame word; by the word ſect in the charge, and hereſy in the reply; which ſpoils the beauty ariſing from the conſiſtency of the defence.

There is alſo a little obſcurity in the wording and pointing of the latter part of the defence, which is here corrected, conſiſtently with the 6th verſe of the preceding

chapter, to which it alludes, and in which the Apoſtle quotes his own words.

Paul's re-examination before King Agrippa, in the preſence of Feſtus and other great perſons of the court, will, I doubt not, pleaſe you in the peruſal, which you will find in the 26th chapter of the Acts, and can turn to at your leiſure.

In this chapter he gives a conciſe hiſtory of his life, and his miraculous converſion; he brings Agrippa to acknowledge himſelf almoſt perſuaded to be a Chriſtian; and finally obtains the declaration of his innocence from the mouths of his judges.

There are two paſſages in this defence that are eminently deſerving of admiration.

While pleading his cauſe, with impreſſive eloquence, his judges were differently affected: Feſtus cries out with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beſide thyſelf: much learning doth make thee mad."

Him he anſwers in this grand reply:

"I am not mad, moſt noble Feſtus, but

ſpeak the words of truth and ſoberneſs; and the King himſelf knoweth theſe things, before whom alſo I ſpeak freely: for I am perſuaded that none of theſe things are hid from him; for this thing was not done in a corner.

"King Agrippa, believeſt thou the prophets? I know that thou believeſt."

On this the King exclaims, in a manner very different from that of Feſtus:

"Almoſt thou perſuadeſt me to be a Chriſtian."

Paul anſwers him in a way which evinces, that Chriſtian heroiſm, and true politeneſs, are by no means incompatible.

"I would to God (ſays he) that not only thou, but all that hear me this day, were both almoſt, and altogether ſuch as I am, except theſe bonds."

CLEANTHUS.

I am much delighted with theſe ſcriptural beauties.

CLEMENTIUS.

I hope by this time you are ſatisfied, Cleanthus, that a rational and improving entertainment is to be found in the peruſal of the ſacred writings; and I can aſſure you, for your encouragement to ſo commendable an employment, that you will find an ample recompence for your labour, not only in the poetical and prophetical parts of the Bible, but in the legal, hiſtorical, evangelical, and epiſtolary writings of the old and new teſtament.

CLEANTHUS.

I am ready, from the examples you have produced, to believe it is ſo, and that I have miſſed many of theſe beauties by reading too ſuperficially: if I have any doubt, it is in reſpect of the legal and moral part; I cannot ſo readily conceive how theſe can admit of beauty or ſublimity.

CLEMENTIUS.

Every ſubject, Cleanthus, has its own peculiar beauties. The beauty of moral

or preceptive writings I apprehend conſiſts in this, that they be as conciſe as is conſiſtent with clearneſs, and as explicit as is conſiſtent with conciſeneſs; that the language be impreſſive, and that elegance ſhould keep pace with ſimplicity.

I think I do not hazard a well-founded contradiction in aſſerting, that the decalogue is an inſtance of beauty in this kind of writing.

The moral obligation of which is confirmed by Chriſt himſelf in theſe words: "Think not that I am come to deſtroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to deſtroy, but to fulfil." And in reply to the lawyer, who aſked of him which was the greateſt command, he ſaid,

"Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy ſoul, and with all thy mind: this is the firſt and great command; and the ſecond is like unto it, Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf: on theſe two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

An elegant epitome indeed, which is yet ſo ſimple, that "he that runs may read;" for undoubtedly all is compriſed in love to God our creator, and love to man, our brother by creation.

The man of little education, with common ſenſe, can read and underſtand this: Or if it be his misfortune that he cannot read, if he do but hear another read it, it is ſo conciſe and clear, that he can underſtand and eaſily remember it.

CLEANTHUS.

There is no relative duty that is not compriſed in this comprehenſive injunction, "Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf:"—or

"Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo unto them."

CLEMENTIUS.

Juſtice—may ſafely be committed to ſuch rules as theſe.

Charity—can never fail.

Truth.—By theſe rules falſhood is inadmiſſible.

Humility.—Do we love meekneſs and affability in the conduct of others towards us? we muſt then, by theſe precepts, refrain from a proud inſulting carriage to them.

And with reſpect to perſonal virtue,

He who loves God above every thing, will not be wanting in this reſpect.

He who loves God will bear with *fortitude* every thing that may befall him in this life, knowing that it cannot happen without divine permiſſion.

And he whoſe love produces a filial fear, will be *prudent* in foreſeeing evil, and endeavour to avoid it.

And laſtly, *Intemperance*, which is the immoderate deſire, or love of temporal and viſible enjoyments, cannot obtain a place where the love of God has taken up the whole heart and affections.

Thus I think it is plain, that love to God and man embraces every perſonal and relative virtue.

But theſe virtues are alſo diſtinctly treated of, and forcibly recommended in various parts of the old and new teſtament.

But theſe as I have already ſaid, will well reward your own application, my dear Cleanthus; I will now recommend you to make this ſearch for yourſelf, and bid you an affectionate adieu.

CLEANTHUS.

Adieu, my dear Clementius.

DIALOGUE V.

HENRY AND MARIA.

MARIA.

WHAT is that little black lump like a ſtone, which you ſeem to admire ſo much.

HENRY.

It is a magnet or loadſtone; and like many other of the moſt valuable productions of nature, has but a mean appearance.

MARIA.

Deſcribe to me, if you pleaſe Henry, ſome of theſe properties which induce you to give it a place amongſt the chief work of nature.

HENRY.

I will endeavour to anſwer your requeſt as well as I am able, tho' I muſt confeſs my own knowledge of its qualities and uſes to be very limited; but this is certain, that to this natural production we are indebted for our communication with the

moſt remote parts of the globe, without which they would in all probability have remained unknown to us.

MARIA.

How is it poſſible that a ſtone like this could be conducive to ſuch important diſcoveries?

HENRY.

I will tell you, Maria; you know that the loadſtone has the property of attracting iron to itſelf; it has alſo another property of communicating this attraction to a piece of iron or ſteel that is rubbed with it.

Another ſingular quality of the loadſtone is this: that if it be ſuſpended by a ſtring, one of its ends (called on that account its poles) always points to the North; and if a needle, or piece of iron rod be touched with the magnet, and ſuſpended, it will alſo point to the North; this it is that furniſhes the navigator with the means of knowing at all times what courſe he is ſteering; for upon an upright

wire that paſſes through a card, upon which is marked the four principle points of the horizon, *viz.* N. E. W. and S. and the intermediate points to the number of thirty-two; a moveable ſteel pointer is fixed ſo as to vibrate freely towards any part of this card, which is called a compaſs. This needle being rubbed with a magnet, points to the N. by which means the mariner can fix his compaſs, ſo that every point falling in its right place, that is correſponding with the real ſituation of theſe points on the horizon, the ſeaman can with certainty direct his courſe, and venture into the immenſe ocean, without ſeeing land for months together; a thing the ancient navigators, for want of ſuch a ſafe-guide, durſt not attempt.

MARIA.

Who could think to look at it, that it was endowed by the great Creator with ſuch wonderful properties!

HENRY.

It is indeed wonderful ; but it is (generally ſpeaking) ſo, that the moſt valuable gifts of our beneficent Parent are offered to us in a homely garb: This is no doubt intended to convey to us ſome wholeſome admonition.

But to return to the magnet, if you break it into ſmaller pieces, and continue as often as you pleaſe to break theſe ſtill ſmaller, every piece will contain a northern and ſouthern pole ; that is, one end will point to the north, and this end has an attractive faculty, the other point or ſouthern pole has a repelling property.

Again, if two pieces of load-ſtone be placed with the ſame poles towards each other, that is both north or both ſouth, they will repulſe or fly from each other ; but if the oppoſite poles be placed together, that is a north and ſouth pole, they will then attract each other.

MARIA.

I am much pleaſed with this account of the magnet: Pray has it any other peculiarities?

HENRY.

It poſſibly poſſeſſes many that mankind is as yet unacquainted with; but I do not recollect any other, except that this attraction is not hindered by the intervention of bodies that might be expected to prevent its effect; for example, if you were to lay a needle in a ſtone ſaucer, and move a loadſtone gently againſt the bottom of the ſaucer, it would exert its attractive influence through the ſaucer, and occaſion the needle to move in the ſame direction; and if water were poured into the ſaucer till it is full, and the needle was ſtuck into a piece of paper, to make it float upon the water, the effect would be the ſame; on moving the magnet againſt the bottom of the ſaucer, the paper with the needle attached to it,

would follow the courſe of the magnet in every direction.

MARIA.

This is truly admirable; Is this the only ſubſtance poſſeſſed of this attractive virtue?

HENRY.

Something like this is indeed obſerved in amber, which when rubbed till it is warm, will attract ſtraws and ſome other ſubſtances; but this attractive power is of little conſequence.

MARIA.

But the amber is a much more ſhewy ſubſtance.

HENRY.

Yes; let us ſee if this does not afford us a leſſon of inſtruction: every thing that powerfully attracts the mind may be called its magnet, and what it directs to, its polar ſtar; now virtue and vice have always been figuratively repreſented to us under the forms of two females; the one homely and ſevere in her firſt approach, ſo that ſhe

ſeems rather forbidding than inviting; the other gay and ſprightly, and quite attractive. Now which ever of theſe the mind gives the preference to, will become its magnet; if we wiſely make choice of virtue, notwithſtanding her unalluring firſt appearance, we ſhall find her to be a moſt agreeable and profitable companion, for God is her pole ſtar, and to him ſhe conſtantly directs us through all the ſtorms, the clouds, and miſts of life's precarious voyage.

But if vice or intemperate pleaſure poſſeſs our choice, ſtraws and trifles, the vanities and baubles of life, are the unworthy objects of her attraction, with which ſhe beguiles us of a ſolid and laſting pleaſure.

MARIA.

I thank you Henry, for this intereſting obſervation, and I will endeavour to re-

member the magnet, and acknowledge the goodneſs, power, and wiſdom of him who made it, and conferred upon it ſuch myſterious powers; and virtue ſhall henceforth be my magnet, that ſhall draw and direct my mind to him.

DIALOGUE VI.

MELIBŒUS AND AMELIA.

MELIBŒUS.

SEE these little pretty busy creatures, how they toil, they are not altogether labouring for themselves; the benevolence of our great and good parent is such, that the prudent instinct which impels them to these indefatigable labours has connected human advantage and pleasure closely with them.

AMELIA.

'Tis a pity that we oftener meet his kindness than he receives the aspirations of our praise, though his bounties are unmerited, and claim them every moment: for to him we owe the conservation of our lives with all the pleasures and accommodations, that nature in all her operations is charged with toward us.

MELIBŒUS.

How intent they ſeem upon their buſineſs; how they buſtle paſt each other, ſome returning with their loads and others having depoſited them, don't ſtop to loiter, but are off again; they may well be called buſy bees.

AMELIA.

See how ſome of their little thighs are loaded with yellow balls that are rolled up, and ſtuck to them—Ah! there is one fallen off.

MELIBŒUS.

Some of them will find it and gather it up again; they ſuffer no waſte among them.

AMELIA.

What is that ſubſtance, Melibius, they hang upon their thighs?

MELIBŒUS.

That is the fine meal which we ſee ſprinkled about the internal parts of the flowers, and when kneeded and moulded

by the bees conſtitutes their waxen cells, in which they depoſit their food and young: in every hive there is one bee larger than the reſt, and longer bodied in proportion, but having no occaſion to go abroad, except once in it's life, it's wing's are ſmaller than the reſt: this bee is a female, and from her ſuperiority in ſize and beauty, and the reſpect paid her, ſhe is called the queen; beſide her and the working bees, there are ſome larger bees in the hives which are males, theſe like the queen bee do not quit the hive, and are called drones: after the ſeaſon for breeding the working bees expel them, and even kill them at the mouth of the hive, and then take them up and flying a little diſtance from the hive, drop them there; for they dont like nuiſances about the hive, neither on the inſide, nor at it's entrance.

AMELIA.

This is wonderful; but you ſaid that the queen goes out but once in her life;

pray on what extraordinary occaſion is this? is it to viſit ſome other potentate? and the reſpect you ſay the other bees pay her; is it, that they marſhal themſelves, and attend her in grand proceſſion on this extraordinary viſit?

MELIBŒUS.

You make me ſmile, Amelia.

AMELIA.

Well, what is it then? it is certainly on no trifling occaſion; for trifling ſeems to be no part of their character.

MELIBŒUS.

This is a juſt and amiable compliment to the bees; but, I am afraid, as much cannot be ſaid of mankind: but I will explain this matter. At the ſeaſon of the year when the young bees are arrived at maturity, the hive being too full to accommodate them conveniently, they begin to think of emigrating to ſome ſuitable place where they can form a freſh colony; commence their labours, and provide for the

wants of winter; but in order to keep up the ſpecies, it is wiſely ordered, that this riſing generation of bees has it's infant queen likewiſe, as well as it's due proportion of males; and till ſhe is quite able to endure and undertake the flight, the bees will not ſtir: during this waiting, and probably for want of room, the bees that are about to emigrate, or ſwarm, as the country people call it, gather about the mouth of the hive, and clinging to each other, hang there in a large cluſter like a bunch of grapes: this they do for ſeveral days, till the young queen comes out: they then riſe like a cloud, and move in a cloſe body, through the air to ſome convenient hollow tree, or other place, which, in all probability, has been previouſly looked out for; and if their queen is not able to complete the diſtance at one flight, ſhe fits on ſome branch of a tree or convenient place, and the reſt gather round her and wait her leiſure.

AMELIA.

This is admirable indeed! but does this not appear a defect in nature, that the leader of the colony is so poorly equipped for flying.

MELIBŒUS.

I think not, Amelia; it is not necessary that they should remove to a very great distance, or if it is, this seems another instance in which the convenience of man is graciously regarded in the works of divine wisdom and omnipotence; for by the queen's inability to fly far at once, those who cultivate and raise stocks of bees can follow and come up with these emigrating colonies, which are to encrease their stock; but if their queen could fly as well as themselves, they would soon be out of sight, and the beekeeper would thus be deprived of the means of encreasing his stock.

AMELIA.

This reason is very satisfactory, and like

every diſcovery we make in natural cauſes, demands of man the tribute of praiſe and thankfulneſs.

MELIBŒUS.

We will draw back this ſlide, Almira, and look through the window of this hive, if you pleaſe.

ALMIRA.

I am fond of theſe little creatures, and admire their ſkill, prudence, and induſtry; but I am fearful of coming near the hive.

MELIBŒUS.

You need not be afraid, Amelia, for if our fears do not prompt us to ſtrike at them, and ſo provoke them to ſelf defence, they will not meddle with us; you may ſafely venture.

AMELIA.

This is, indeed a pretty inſight into this laboratory of wax and honey; but it is like looking into ſome crowded manufactory of which we have no knowledge; all

are in motion ; but we know not what any of them are about. It is ſtill amuſing, and as one of thoſe many wonders of creation which diſplay the wiſdom and bounty of our great and good creator, is an inſtructive ſight.

MELIBŒUS.

Obſerve the exact regularity of every cell ; it is a perfect hexagon.

AMELIA.

I do obſerve it with pleaſure, and the beautiful whiteneſs of the wax which compoſes it ; but ſome of them appear ſolid.

MELIBŒUS.

They are not ſolid, Amelia ; but having received their depoſit, the mouths of them are carefully ſealed up : But it is not all honey that is depoſited in theſe waxen cells ; ſome of them are the receptacles of the young bees, which proceed from the eggs in the form of little worms ; in this ſtate the working bees feed them with their trunks ; after this the worm remains ap-

parently dead for fifteen days, closed up in its cell; in this state it is called nympha; at the expiration of this time it bursts open its tomb, and comes forth a young bee.

AMELIA.

These are all wonderful circumstances indeed: How far is it supposed these little labourers may travel from home in search of their treasure.

MELIBŒUS.

It is supposed that they sometimes go as much as ten or twelve miles from home; and this has been calculated from the distance which domestic bees have been observed from any place where there were hives. Also experiments have been made by curious people, who had leisure for it, by dusting the bees with flour, some at their exit out of the hive, and others in very remote fields; and the result of these experiments has led to this conclusion.

AMELIA.

Well, perhaps we ſhall only diſturb them; let us cloſe the ſhutter again, and take a walk into ſome other part of the garden, and we ſhall, perhaps, find ſome of them buſily employed among the flowers; you can, perhaps, inform me, Melibœus, of the proceſs as we inſpect it.

MELIBŒUS.

We need not go far; and I will do the beſt I can to aſſiſt you in diſcovering their mode of working; but as you have a little timidity about you, we will go from the vicinity of the hive to a more diſtant part of the garden.

AMELIA.

I thank you, Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

Now you ſee we have not long to wait; here is one, and there is another; they do not ſtop long at a flower, and ſome they paſs over, being, no doubt, endowed with a keen ſenſe of ſmelling, which enables

them to fix at once upon the flowers which will reward their application ; ſo that they loſe no time in fruitleſs eſſays on flowers which have been previouſly deprived of their ſweets by ſome of their fellow labourers.

AMELIA.

This is ſtill wonderful ; but proceed.

MELIBŒUS.

The bees have, as you obſerve, two of thoſe kind of horns which adorn the heads of moſt flying inſects : theſe are for the defence of the eyes, and to admoniſh them of danger. Beſides fangs and claws, which they uſe in their work, they have a long and ſupple trunk, which they can let down and draw up into its caſe at pleaſure ; this you may obſerve, by looking cloſely at that bee, is very pliable. See how it turns aſide the petules of the flowers, and inſerts this tube ito the bottom of the cup, where this delicate ſweet is lodged, which it ſucks up

through the tube into the bag in its body, from which it is afterwards poured into the waxen cells we have been viewing.

AMELIA.

I am much delighted with this account, and I think I ſhall often watch this pretty inſect with attention hereafter. But what means does it make uſe of in collecting the wax.

MELIBŒUS.

If you recollect, Amelia, I pointed out to your notice ſome at the hives whoſe little thighs were laden with yellow balls, one of which fell off at the entrance.

AMELIA.

I recollect it now you mention it.

MELIBŒUS.

Such indefatigable labourers are theſe admirable inſects, and ſuch œconomiſts of time, that even while they are collecting their honey, they are not inattentive to theſe waxy particles, which muſt form its receptacle. Obſerve, Amelia, that bee has

got a little yellowneſs about his thigh, and if, with a quick eye, you follow him from flower to flower, amongſt theſe bloſſoms, you will ſee his little feet are buſily employed. If you notice well you will find it has ſix feet; with the two firſt it collects and rolls up theſe mealy particles, and with the middle feet paſſes it to a hollow place, like a ſpoon on each thigh, which being hairy, helps the little balls to adhere; but ſometimes, when too large, they fall from their legs in their paſſage home; but this does not often happen.

AMELIA.

I ſee now this little ball accumulates faſt. Well, what innocent entertainment has this wonderful inſect afforded us. Is it poſſible thus to trace the works of nature, and not look through nature up to nature's God?

MELIBŒUS.

If we did not ſee ſo many inſtances of the daily neglect and criminal contempt

of the works of God in the creation, we could ſcarce believe it.

AMELIA.

I thank you kindly for your attention to my enquiries.

MELIBŒUS.

I think it is now time for us to return to our companions in the houſe; perhaps we ſhall excite their curioſity ſo much as to induce them to join us in this amuſement at another time.

AMELIA.

If you pleaſe we will return.

DIALOGUE VII.

CHARLOTTE, EMMA, AND HENRY.

CHARLOTTE.

WE ſeem to be very dull all of a ſudden, and as ſilent as if we had exhauſted every topic of diſcourſe.

EMMA.

We are ſo indeed ; let us ſee—can we recollect none of our neighbour's failings to amuſe ourſelves with, and ſet off our own virtues.

CHARLOTTE.

Fye, Emma, that is too ill-natured a ſatire, and I am ſure you would be the laſt perſon ſeriouſly to propoſe, or join in ſuch a converſation.

EMMA.

Well, to be ſerious, what ſhall we fix on for amuſing and improving converſation?

HENRY.

Certainly we need not hesitate long, for I am sure here are in this room more objects than we have time to attend to, perhaps any one may afford a subject sufficient for our present leisure.

CHARLOTTE.

Very good, Henry, and since your discernment is so quick, we will take the liberty of calling upon you to name the subject.

HENRY.

With all my heart; but perhaps it will be with me as with other people who have a great variety to choose from; they are longer in fixing, and often take the worst.

CHARLOTTE.

We will not hurry you, Henry, only let the subject be a *nice* one.

HENRY.

It shall: And not to detain you longer in suspence, I will propose to you that *nice* beaver riding-hat of Charlotte's.

EMMA.

A pretty ſubject for entertainment or improving converſation, truly.

HENRY.

I really thought ſo; and that was my reaſon for naming it.

CHARLOTTE.

Are you ſerious in this matter, Henry.

HNNRY.

I am ſerious.

EMMA.

Then we muſt beg you to be ſo obliging as to take it in hand yourſelf, for whatever it may be to you, it will, we fear, be but a barren theme in our hands.

HENRY.

Is it not laying rather too much on one to find you a ſubject, and then take it upon myſelf: but however, to ſhew my willingneſs to comply with your deſires, I will try what I can do with it: But I believe I muſt take the liberty of paſſing over the hat itſelf, to a very intereſting

ſubject attached to it; not that I conceive the hat itſelf ſo barren as not to be capable of affording us ſomething worthy of our notice; we might conſider the various changes and proceſſes it has paſſed through, before it attained its preſent ſtate of elegance and uſefulneſs; and its ſilken lining might lead us to enquire into the particulars of the reptile that produced this beautiful ſubſtance. Thus the hat itſelf might lead us to very agreeable and inſtructive inveſtigation: but that which ſtruck me, on caſting my eyes upon this object was, ſome entertaining particulars in the natural hiſtory of the beaver, whoſe ſoft fur furniſhes our hatters with the fineſt materials for this manufacture. But as there are thoſe in company who are better verſed in natural hiſtory than myſelf, and who poſſeſs a better recollection, I ſhould be glad to transfer the ſubject to abler hands; perhaps Charlotte, who I know is a proficient in thoſe ſtudies, will be ſo obliging as to undertake it.

CHARLOTTE.

I am no friend to ceremony, Henry, nor ſpending our time in compliments; but believing it is now in very good hands, I think I may, in behalf of myſelf and the company, requeſt the favour of your proceeding

HENRY.

At your requeſt I will, without further ceremony, relate what I can recollect of this uſeful animal's hiſtory.

It is then an inhabitant of the northern parts of America, particularly Canada, from whence vaſt numbers of their ſkins are imported for the hatters uſe. It is a very ſocial and ſagacious animal. The beavers diſplay their ſocial turn in building their habitations, ſo as to accommodate a conſiderable number in the ſame building, aſſociating to the number of ten or twelve in one family: Their ſagacity and activity is wonderfully diſplayed in the

contrivance and conſtruction of their habitations. If a perſon, who had never heard or read of the beaver's induſtry and manner of building, were ſhewn their edifices, he would be ready to conclude them to be the work of the moſt ſkilful architect, every thing is ſo wonderful in the works of theſe amphibious animals. The regularity of the plan; the ſize; the ſolidity, and the admirable contrivance of their buildings, cannot fail exciting aſtoniſhment in thoſe who view them.

In chooſing their ſituation they always pitch upon a place where they can be well ſupplied with proviſions, and near a rivulet, in order to be ſupplied with a reſervoir of water to bath in. They begin their works by conſtructing a bank of ſuch a height as is neceſſary to keep the water on a level with the firſt floor of their houſes: the materials which compoſe this bank are wood and clay: The pieces of timber which are as thick as a man's arm, and

ſome much thicker, which the beavers ſeparate from the trees with wonderful readineſs, by means of their teeth only; one end of theſe they fix in the ground, placing them very near each other, and interweaving them with ſtout but pliable twigs: they afterwards line this both within and on the outſide with clay, with which they ſo completely fill up the intervals between the timbers and wicker work, ſo as to make this fence water proof; and if the clay is not immediately upon the ſpot, ſome fetch it from the neareſt place which affords it; in this work their tails, which are broad, ſerve them in the place of hods, or barrows, by drawing the clay upon them to their works.

EMMA.

How wonderful this is; it approaches ſo near to the actions of reaſonable creatures, that it ſeems hardly credible of any animal.

HENRY.

If this was was related of ſome ſcarce animal, in a very remote part of the world, where the means of aſcertaining its truth was more difficult to attain, it might remain a queſtionable part of natural hiſtory; but the fact is corroborated by ſo many teſtimonies, and the means of diſproving it, if falſe, is ſo eaſy, that there is no room left to doubt it; as it has never been contradicted by any traveller, or the people who trade to theſe parts for ſkins.

But I was telling you that the beavers made uſe of their long broad tails to draw their plaiſter upon; they alſo make uſe of them as trowels to ſmoothen it, after laying it on with their fore feet.

When they have in this manner completed the bank to their watering place, they apply themſelves to the formation of their houſes: In this alſo they diſplay much contrivance and ſkill. Theſe are either round or oval, and raiſed three ſto-

ries high ; the bottom ſtory is upon a level with the bath, and generally full of water. Theſe houſes are built in a very ſolid manner, cloſe to the edge of their bath ; the bottom ſtory has two doors, one of which communicates with the bath, by the other they carry away whatever might dirty their upper apartments. They build their houſes in ſtories, as a proviſion againſt the inconvenience which would occur from the riſing of the rivulet after rain : The walls of their habitations are compoſed much as the encloſure of their bath, viz. of different ſized timbers, well filled with clay : the thickneſs of theſe walls is as much as two feet ; the building is arched in the inſide ; they take a great deal of pains alſo with the walls, for they firſt trim off all irregularities occaſioned by the ends of pieces of timber ſticking out ! this they perform with their teeth, which are very ſtrong and ſharp ; they then make a

compoſition of clay and dry herbs, which they mix well together, and with it they plaſter their building both within and without, to this they give the finiſhing ſtroke by ſmoothing it with their tails. Their habitations are proportioned to the number of it's inhabitants; four yards long, and about three yards wide, is adapted to the reception of eight or ten beavers; if the number be greater they enlarge the building proportionally.

I think I have now given you all I recollect on this ſubject.

EMMA.

We are much obliged to you Henry, this is certainly another wonderful inſtance of the wiſdom of God in the works of creation, and the liberal manner in which he has beſtowed inſtinct, where he has with-held reaſon! every reſearch into the works of nature, ought to lead us up to natures God; and as Young ſays of him, whoſe attention is directed to the ſtudies

of the motions and laws of the heavenly bodies: that "an undevout aſtronomer is mad" the ſame may be as juſtly applied to the ſtudent in natural hiſtory, whether the largeſt animal in the creation, or the ſmalleſt animalcula that can be rendered viſible by microſcopical aſſiſtance, be the ſubject he is attending to, the wonders he meets with, muſt excite this, or ſimilar language:

Manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wiſdom haſt thou made them all.

MARIA.

I was thinking of availing myſelf of a hint that Henry dropt, when ſpeaking of the object that has thus far in good hands afforded us entertainmeht, he mentioned the ſilkworm. I ſhould like to be informed of ſuch particulars as are moſt remarkable in this little ſpinſter's hiſtory.

EMMA.

Perhaps Henry can oblige us in this alſo.

HENRY.

I think that will ſcarcely be fair, and as I know Charlotte has been for ſome time in the habit of keeping theſe little ſpinſters, as Maria pleaſantly calls them, ſhe will be ſo good as oblige us in this.

CHARLOTTE.

I would very willingly contribute my ſhare to the preſent entertainment, but I doubt my own ability to recollect or deſcribe accurately the particulars which relate to this admirable reptile: but I will do my beſt, and if I ſhould not ſucceed. you will kindly accept the will for the deed.

The ſilk worm is a ſpecies of caterpillar which proceeds from eggs, of which the females lay from twenty to ſixty each; they are depoſited upon ſheets of paper, which are laid for that purpoſe, and to which they adhere very cloſely; they remain through the winter, and come out earlier or later in the ſpring, in proportion

to it's warmth and forwardneſs; and it is ſo exceeding ſmall at its firſt coming out, that one can hardly ſee it; it is of a black colour. As ſoon as the eggs begin to be hatched by the ſun, I ſupply them with a freſh-gathered mulberry-leaf, or if the ſeaſon is backward, ſo that the mulberry-tree is not in leaf, I give them a lettuce-leaf, with which I continue to feed them, renewing it every day, and encreaſing the quantity as the worm encreaſes in ſize.

MARIA.

I thought they would not have eaten any thing but mulberry-leaves.

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, yes, they will do very well in the firſt ſtages of their exiſtence with lettuce-leaves, but when the mulberry-leaves begin to come out, I leave the uſe of lettuce, and ſupply them with theſe, after which they will not take to the lettuce-leaves again.

The little black worm ſoon falls to eat-

ing, and after a few days, changes to a whitiſh colour, and it's coat becomes wrinkled and of a dirty or dull appearance; it caſts this coat and appears whiter and cleaner, and is by this time conſiderably encreaſed in ſize; after a few days more it ceaſes to eat, and falls aſleep, during which time it's head is erected, and it continues motionleſs for about two days; it then begins to work and writhe itſelf about till it has diſengaged itſelf from it's old ſkin, which wrinkles up and is caſt off. From being almoſt inviſible, it is now about half an inch long: In about the ſpace of three weeks or a month, he appears in three dreſſes; they now, as they encreaſe in ſize, eat very heartily, and the number which I generally keep being between three and four hundred, will conſume a large handful of mulberry-leaves every day, except the hard fibres, ſo that the leaves appear like ſkeletons; the dead leaves and filth I take from them every day,

or rather take them from it; for I have two trays lined with paper, and when I want to clean them I ſpread the empty tray with freſh leaves, and picking up my worms remove them from the dead and refuſe leaves to the new ones, upon which they begin with avidity; I then cleanſe the other tray with a bruſh or feather, and it is ready for their reception the next day.

EMMA.

This is very pretty: but you muſt have a deal of trouble with ſuch a number, and another thing I admire; how you can endure to touch them.

CHARLOTTE.

At firſt I confeſs I felt a little difficulty, but uſe, and obſerving that they were really very clean, harmleſs creatures, ſoon overcame this difficulty; as to the trouble, it muſt be owned they take up a great deal of time, and are only fit to be cultivated by thoſe whoſe time is not particularly demanded to any other purpoſe, and the

keeping of ſilk-worms, can at beſt, be only conſidered as an amuſement in this country: but I am digreſſing from the account I was giving you of their progreſs: the ſilk-worm then, having attained to a tolerable ſize, perhaps about an inch long, falls aſleep, and caſts it's coat as before, it then begins eating again, with ſo good an appetite, that, half a dozen will conſume a very large mulberry leaf in a few hours, they continue feeding thus, ſome authors tell us a few days; but I can ſay, from obſervation, ſome weeks, and then a day or two, before they begin ſpinning, they fall off their feeding, and at laſt entirely renounce their food; and creeping to the angular parts of the tray, indicate their preparation for ſpinning, by toſſing their heads about from ſide to ſide, and fixing a few ſcattered threads, I then put them, as they are thus ready for it, into ſmall paper cones which I have in readineſs; and after crawling round the cone,

or fixing themſelves by their hind feet, and ſtretching themſelves out to feel the oppoſite ſides, they begin to fix their fine ſilken thread to different parts of their cone, at firſt in a ſtraggling manner, and gradually fix thoſe threads cloſer and cloſer, till they commence it's egg ſhaped receptacle, which is very neatly formed, and as compact as a piece of ſilk paper, and ſo firm that it can hardly be torn aſunder.

Here this admirable creature undergoes it's moſt curious metamorphoſe, for it before only caſt off it's ſkin; but now it aſſumes a form ſo entirely different from it's former one, that it would be impoſſible to credit the change, if we had not aſcertained it.

From a crawling worm, about an inch and an half long, it is gathered up into leſs than half the length, and encloſed in a brown huſky ſubſtance, from which in due time, it emerges in the form of a moth,

but not exactly ſimilar to any we know: theſe moths, being put into the tray ſpread with clean paper, flutter about for ſeveral days, depoſit their eggs on the paper, and after a continuance in this ſtate of about a fortnight, in which they eat nothing, they die, leaving an ample ſupply of eggs for for the conſervation of their kind; theſe I preſerve carefully through the winter, and keep them from the ſun till I have reaſon to expect a ſupply of mulberry leaves, and then I place them in the tray, and leave them to the ſun to quicken.

MARIA.

This is indeed a very curious account of this little creature; but how, Charlotte, do you come at the ſilk.

CHARLOTTE.

Theſe little ſilken egg ſhaped receptacles, are called cocoons; if the weather is warm the moths will come to maturity, burſt their ſhell, and eat their way through the ſilk in about two weeks; but

if it is a cold ſeaſon, they are a good deal longer.

This muſt be prevented by expoſing them to the heat of an oven, or ſcalding water; but thinking this may put them to ſuffering, I endeavour to wind the ſilk off before they eat through it;—for the cocoon is ſpoiled for winding when it is eaten through, becauſe every time we come to the aperture, the thread terminates, which makes ſo many ends, and ſuch ſhort lengths, that the ſilk is not worth the trouble of winding; but by winding it off before, we have very few ends, for it is all but one thread on the cocoon, and winds off in very conſiderable lengths, but now and then a thread ſnaps.

MARIA.

What method do you take Charlotte, in winding.

CHARLOTTE.

I firſt ſtrip off the more ſtraggled and looſe

ſilk, till I come to the cloſe texture of the cocoon; this is a ſoft flue, reſembling cotton, and is to be laid by itſelf to be ſpun in the manner of cotton wool; I then put three or four cocoons at once into a baſon of warm water, in which a little gum is diſſolved, and having found an end to each, gently wind them into a reel, which I have on purpoſe; when I have wound them ſo near the bottom that the cocoon is broken into, I take the chryſaliſes, and put them into a little drawer, three parts full of bran, where they remain till they have attained to maturity, and then they come out, in the ſtate of moths, the ſame as thoſe which eat their way out of the cocoons.

MARIA.

This is a very entertaining account indeed, I think I ſhould like to keep ſome myſelf.

CHARLOTTE.

I will readily ſet you forward; but one

thing to be conſidered is; it is in vain to begin unleſs a perſon has a mulberry tree high at hand, and indeed it ſhould be in one's own garden, for it is diſagreeable to trouble other people daily for ſuch a quantity of leaves as is neceſſary to ſupport any conſiderable number of worms.

EMMA.

What is the original colour of the ſilk?

CHARLOTTE.

It has two colours, viz. a very delicate white, (which, however, I believe is not allowed to be a colour) and yellow from a light ſtraw, to a deep orange, the ſilks look very beautiful when wound and made into hanks.

MARIA.

What quantity may be the produce of a hundred worms?

CHARLOTTE.

A very ſmall quantity indeed; it may be ſaid of theſe little creatures and the bees,

that they verify the proverb, "Many hands make light work;" for if we conſider the bee how it flies from flower to flower over a whole garden to fill it's little bag, which contains but one drop of honey—that it has then, perhaps, two or three miles to fly to depoſit this ſingle drop, we cannot help wondering, when we conſider, that in a commercial way, ſome tons in a year are transferred from one part of the world to another. So theſe little ſpinſters (for we cannot find a better name for them) produce ſo little, that one would really wonder where ſuch a vaſt number of packages of ſilk could be ſupplied from; but when any article becomes a ſubject of commercial notice, and engages the attention of people in general in thoſe countries that are adapted to it's culture, it is aſtoniſhing what quantities may be collected even of ſilk and honey, in which each ſingle labourer can contribute ſo ſmall a portion; but to give you the

beſt ſatisfaction I can on the ſubject, the produce of ſilk from ſix hundred worms turned the ſcale againſt a middling ſized ſilk handkerchief*: This may, perhaps give us ſome little idea of the buſineſs.

HENRY.

There is one thing remarkable with reſpect to ſilk, which is this, and it may, perhaps, abate a little of the confidence, with which vanity may plead, that ſilk was ordained for ſplendor in dreſs; it is indeed, beautiful, like all other works of the creator, whether mediate or immediate; but the beneficence of our great Parent diſplays itſelf in the nature of the ſubſtance preſented to man for his cloathing in the different climates of the world. In theſe colder climates, our ſheep produce the wool, which is ſo warm and comfortable a covering when manufactured; but ſilk is

* This is the reſult of an actual experiment made this preſent year 1799, which, on account of it's coldneſs, has not been perhaps the moſt favourable.

produced in the hotter climates, where it ſeems beſt adapted for it's lightneſs and coolneſs, beſides which, it has the peculiar property of repelling the electric fluid, and ſo becoming an antidote to lightening, to which the hotter climates are more ſubject than the colder ones, and in a more alarming degree; ſo that it ſeems intended by our kind Creator as a light and protecting covering to the inhabitants of thoſe countries which are beſt adapted to it's produce, rather than an aid to vanity, and luxury in dreſs: but, perhaps, this would not be reliſhed in every company.

MARIA.

We are much obliged to you, Henry, as we are alſo to Charlotte, for the amuſing and entertaining account ſhe has given us. We have now made Henry's words good, and pretty well exhauſted the leiſure, which ſeemed to appear at one time a burden.

EMMA.

Yes; thanks to Charlotte's nice hat and ſilken lining.

DIALOGUE VIII.

LUCINDA AND CLARA.

CLARA.

HERE is a beauteous night Lucinda—
The moon indeed, now reigns full orb'd,
And ſhadowy ſets off the face of things.

LUCINDA.

So ſang he, who once like us could view it's ſilver ſplendour; who once could ſee and ſweetly tell the beauties of the reddening morn; the moontide glory, and the farewell tints of the retiring ſun.

CLARA.

Yes Lucinda, and as pathetically he deſcribes in mournful eloquence, his own ſenſations on the affective occaſion.

LUCINDA.

Can you, my dear, repeat thoſe lines of

our immortal bard, in which he alludes to his loſs of ſight.

CLARA.

I think they are theſe, as nearly as I can remember.

In his addreſs to light he ſays.

Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'riegn vital lamp: but thou
Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that rowl in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a *Drop ſerene* hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt,
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong: but chief
Thee SION, and the flowry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two, equal'd with me in fate,
(So were I equalled with them in renown!)
Blind THAMYRIS, and blind MÆONIDES
And TIRESIAS, and PHINEUS Prophets old
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note.

Here I think, Lucinda, comes the moſt pathetic lines.

Thus with the year
Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the chearful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with a univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out!

And then very reſignedly implores a better light.

So much the rather thou cœleſtial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe; that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

LUCINDA.

Poor man, how applicable to him are theſe lines of another eminent Poet.

Of joys that are paſs'd, never to return,
How painful the remembrance!

CLARA.

Yes Lucinda, and how ſtrong an incitement ought this to be to us, not to overlook the moſt valuable bleſſings, becauſe we are in the daily poſſeſſion of them.

"The perfect enjoyment of our mental and bodily faculties, health, freedom from pain; habitation, food and raiment, ſociety and friends, all theſe we poſſeſs, almoſt without noticing that they are enjoyments; but when taught their real value, by a temporary ſuſpenſion or a total loſs, we then find that theſe are bleſſings indeed, for which we are debtors every moment, to him, who in benificence beſtows, in mercy continues, and in juſtice ſuſpends; or totally withdraw them.

LUCINDA.

Theſe remarks are juſt indeed; and I hope, my dear Clara, we ſhall profit by

them. But to return to the ſubject we began with: This large and ſplendid orb which ſeems to make the night rival the day; what think you, Clara, of the idea ſome entertain, that this and all thoſe twinkling ſtars are habitable worlds?

CLARA.

What! Lucinda, can ſuch as we think on ſubjects, reſpecting which, the learned themſelves are divided? It has, indeed, been the opinion of ſome, when conſidering the innumerable multitude of ſhining orbs, and ſyſtems placed far beyond the reach of human ſight, as well as their magnitudes, which are demonſtrated to be many times larger than this globe; that the earth, which is but as a ſpeck in the whole univerſe, cannot be the only peopled globe amongſt ſuch an infinity; and they ſeem more fully confirmed in their opinion, by the appearance of this beautiful orb we are now admiring, the light and dark parts

of which ſeem to anſwer to the diviſions of land and water on this globe, which, ſuppoſing the moon to be peopled, muſt have juſt the ſame appearance to it's inhabitants, that the moon has to us; the earth and other opaque ſubſtances reflecting the ſun's rays, and ſo appearing luminous; and the water by abſorbing them, appearing dark; and theſe appearances, ſimilar to land and water, are ſaid to be ſtill more ſtriking, when viewed by means of a good teleſcope

LUCINDA.

Well, my dear Clara, however plauſible this may appear, it is ſtill but conjecture, that leaves us where we were: we may, perhaps, with more propriety and benefit, terminate our admiration of theſe lucid wonders that thus beſpangle the azure dome of heaven, by referring to the language of the ſacred poet—

" The heavens," ſays he, " declare the glory of God; and

The firmament ſheweth his handy-work.
Day unto day uttereth ſpeech,
And night unto night ſheweth knowledge.
There is no ſpeech nor language
Where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out
Through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he ſet a tabernacle for the ſun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a ſtrong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the end of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

Having in theſe verſes ſhewn how the book of nature directs us to nature's God, he next turns his praiſes to a higher

theme, even the more explicit traits of the divine Being in his ſacred word. But as this pſalm is beautifully verſified by your favourite poet, I will thank you, Clara, to repeat it to me.

CLARA.

I will, with pleaſure, my dear Lucinda—

" Great God, the heav'ns well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonders ſhine;
A thouſand ſtarry beauties there,
A thouſand radiant marks appear,
Of boundleſs power and ſkill divine.

" From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wiſdom read;
With ſilent eloquence they raiſe
Our thoughts to our Creator's praiſe,
And neither ſound nor language need.

" Yet their divine inſtructions run
Far as the journiés of the ſun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice:
The ſun like ſome young bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the chambers of the eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

" Where'er he ſpreads his beams abroad,
He ſmiles and ſpeaks his maker God;
All natare joins to ſhew thy praiſé.
Thus God in ev'ry creature ſhines:
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

" I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford
To ſouls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads my heart to reſt.

" From the diſcov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my ſtudy and delight;
Not honey ſo invites the taſte,
Nor gold that hath the furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.

" Thy threatnings wake my ſlumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies:
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conſcience clean,
Converts my ſoul, ſubdues my ſin,
And gives a free but large reward.

" Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret faults,
And from preſumptuous ſins reſtrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praiſe,
That I have read thy book of Grace,
And book of nature not in vain."

LUCINDA.

This is a delightful verſion indeed, I thank you, my dear Clara; and now, I hope we may retire to reſt, with minds as ſerene as this calm night, whoſe beauties have afforded us this pleaſant conference.

DIALOGUE VII.

PHILALETHES AND URBANUS.

URBANUS.

WHAT are you doing, Philalethes?

PHILALETHES.

Weighing, Urbanus.

URBANUS.

You may be weighing, indeed, by your attentive looks, but you ſeem to be employed upon inviſible ſtatics, for I ſee neither ſcales nor weights, nor the ſubject of your experiment.

PHILALETHES.

You judge rightly, Urbanus; my ſtatics are indeed inviſible, but they are not leſs

important on that account. I am endeavouring to weigh the philoſophy of the new ſchool againſt the Chriſtian religon.

URBANUS.

A ſtrange kind of competition truly, what could be your inducement to it.

PHILALETHES.

I will tell you Urbanus; I was led to it by the ſhare I lately took in a conference with ſome of my young acquaintances, who had been peruſing ſome modern publications, the ſentiments of which they oppoſed to what they were pleaſed to call the abſurdities of the Bible: In my attempts to vindicate the truth and divinity of the ſacred page, I was overborn with ridicule, and the charge of weakneſs and credulity. My mind was engaged in ſerious, and I think I may add painful, recollection of the ſentiments that had been advanced by my aſſociates, when I felt an inclination to

weigh the merits of this new ſcience; but I was conſcious of my own inability, and dreaded the conſequence of being caught in the web of ſophiſtry and becoming the victim of infidelity; while thus heſitating, the thought occurred that I might with ſafety and innocence leave the more minute inveſtigation of this matter to thoſe whoſe age and talents made them qualified for ſuch an undertaking, and content myſelf with admitting, for the ſake of argument, that all they had advanced was true, that Chriſtianity was deviſed and propagated by craft and intereſt; that the new ſchool doctrine was the reſult of the clear unprejudiced efforts of ſtrong unclouded reaſon, that had burſt aſunder the bands and fetters of ſuperſtition; all which was their boaſt, and having proviſionally admitted this, to weigh each by it's effect on the conduct of our lives, and ſee which ſcale would preponderate on the

ſide of human happineſs. This was the matter I was weighing, Urbanus, when you firſt accoſted me.

URBANUS.

It is an important eſſay, but I cannot immediately conceive how you will effect it; but I am impatient to hear the reſult, yet I think it is right to make one remark before I requeſt you to oblige me with a further account of your procedure in this intereſting buſineſs. I obſerve you make uſe of the expreſſions new ſchool and new philoſophy, which terms, the votaries alſo of the anti-Chriſtian philoſophy affect, but with what propriety, I cannot diſcern; for ſetting aſide the conſideration of truth and falſhood—merit or demerit, opinions that have been propagated frequently before, and have as often gradually ſunk into obſcurity, whatever may be their intrinſic merit, have at leaſt no claim to novelty;

nor can new vamping them confer the credit of diſcovery on the perſon who has taken ſo much pains to re-uſher them handſomely, no more than the age in which they are once more introduced under the advantages of new and elegant dreſſes, can lay claim to ſuperior illumination; or on their account aſſume the ſplendid epithet of "this enlightened age;" but I prevent you, Philalethes, from acquainting me to what teſt you have brought theſe ſubjects, in order to determine your opinion.

PHILALETHES.

I have, Urbanus, as well as I was able, endeavoured, as I have hinted before, to examine what are their probable effects on our lives, and what each ſyſtem may contribute towards that fortitude which the mind ſeems to ſtand in need of, when we muſt paſs the impervious miſt that parts this mode of exiſtence from the next, which can beſt ſtill and calm our anxious

thoughts, whilſt trembling on the brink from which we ſoon muſt plunge into. Can reaſon or religion beſt aſſure me what, if not aſſure, which can beguile me beſt, and make the tranſit eaſieſt? Theſe are matters I am weighing with ſolitude, Urbanus.

URBANUS.

You ſeem, Philalethes, to have diſcovered the trueſt teſt by which to determine your own choice; but I will not interrupt you, pray go on.

PHILALETHES.

Well, then, Urbanus, I conſider in the firſt place, with regard merely to this life, that both the philoſopher and Chriſtian agree in this, that virtue is man's trueſt happineſs; that he has propenſities to reſtrain and diſcipline to make him an *harmleſs* member of ſociety; that he has virtu-

ous diſpoſitions to cultivate, to make him an *amiable* and *uſeful* member of it.

The queſtion then is, does the philoſophic code, if any ſettled one there be, or reaſon's dictates, preſent us a moral ſyſtem more ſublime and pure, or more conciſe and clear, than that which graces the ſacred and evangelic page?

Truth, juſtice, prudence, temperance, fortitude, meekneſs, charity, I don't affect a methodical arrangement, nor complete recollection of all the amiable qualities that compoſe the lovely train of virtue; but I aſk, are theſe no where to be found but in the fane of reaſon and philoſophy? No where recommended to our choice and care with equal energy, or ſuch appropriate arguments, as thoſe we meet with in the philoſophic page? Or are they not rather to be found in the ſacred volume, with that ſuperiority of ſtyle, conciſeneſs, clearneſs, and perſpicuity, that even vanity it-

ſelf cannot claim a competition with?—Here the balance ſeems to me, to turn in favour of the ſcripture.

URBANUS.

I am of the ſame judgment, Philalethes; and I think an enquirer of taſte and diſcernment, tempered with a moderate ſhare of impartiality and candour, muſt, on comparing the diffuſe and ſpeculative caſt of modern treatiſes on morality with the clear ſimplicity of the ſcriptures, acknowledge the decided ſuperiority of the latter. Let him examine what he finds on the following ſubjects in the ſacred writers, and decide impartially:—Truth—Temperance—Prudence—Fortitude—Juſtice—Meekneſs—Charity *.

I think the concluſion muſt unavoidably be, that philoſophy has nothing new to of-

* See Dialogue IV. p. 56.

fer us in practical morality; no ſcriptural deficiency of rules for our government in the conduct of our lives is made up to us by her aid. She has nothing then to preſent us with but ſpeculations, and thoſe as deſtitute of proof, as the revelation ſhe deſpiſes.

PHILALETHES.

I thank you, Urbanus, for this ſeaſonable remark, and think with you, the Chriſtian rules for our conduct are at leaſt, as full and clear, as ſublime and elegant, and in every reſpect, as adequate to the end propoſed, as any of the beſt productions of the moſt enlightened modern reaſoners.

Other conſiderations that weigh with me are theſe—What danger do we run? what fatal conſequences can reſult from a belief in the Chriſtian doctrine?—Does philoſophy poſſeſs a greater ſtimulus to acts

of virtue, or does it keep a tighter curb on our irregular paſſions and vicious inclinations? The Chriſtian's hope and confidence in the reward of preſent peace of mind and future bliſs, are quick and animating motives to the continual practice of every virtue; and his firm belief in the veracity of future puniſhment, operates as a ſtrong reſtraint from licentious indulgencies.—Can the cold incitements of philoſophic motives, built on the fitneſs, the propriety, the decency of things, prevail, where the full belief in joy unutterable and eternal, or grief and miſery that have no end, ſhall fail to move? It is unreaſonable to ſuppoſe that this can be. And the man, whom the conſoling promiſes, or the alarming threatenings of the goſpel cannot influence, can hardly be expected to yield to the weeker motives of the reaſonableneſs of things, for he proves himſelf to be one of thoſe, over whom reaſon has no controul.

If then, in proportion as our motives and incitements are ſtronger and more powerful, our ardour in purſuit of them will be more ſteady and perſevering, and ſo ultimately more ſucceſsful. In this point of view the Chriſtian muſt be the greateſt proficient in virtue, and conſequently the happieſt character, even though his hopes, that go beyond the grave, ſhould prove a mere deception. For admitting that the moral precepts of the ſacred page, and thoſe which reaſon dictates to our mind, or the philoſopher preſcribes, are equally clear, intelligible, and juſt; yet the motives that operate on the mind of the Chriſtian are much ſtronger: and though we may think we diſcover ſomething to weaken their credibility, yet we cannot poſſibly diſprove their veracity, therefore, there is a danger of the moſt fatal conſequence in rejecting them, if true; but there can be neither diſadvantage nor danger in accepting them,

if even falſe, ſince their object is virtue—to which they allure us by the moſt attractive conſiderations, and their averſion is vice and irregularity, from which they endeavour to reſtrain us, by exhibiting their tendency in the moſt alarming point of view.

Having thus weighed Chriſtianity and philoſophy by their probable effects on our lives, in an impartial balance, I am ſatisfied that wiſdom and prudence turn the ſcale in favour of Chriſtianity.

URBANUS.

I am alſo perfectly ſatisfied with the reſult of this eſſay, Philalethes; but I underſtood you meant to carry the experiment to it's ultimatum, by following the philoſopher and the Chriſtian to the end of life's viſta; to where the impervious miſt excludes the human ſight from the leaſt glimpſe that can inform what lies beyond

the irremeable paſs. — I ſhould be glad to attend you to the reſult of this enquiry.

PHILALETHES.

I have this in view, Urbanus; and I ſhall be glad, not only of your company, but kind aſſiſtance. Here then, we will admit, for the ſake of experiment, that the Chriſtian's views are falſe and viſionary; yet let us ſee how they operate at the cloſe of life; what are the immediate feelings of his mind? what does he derive from retroſpect, and what from proſpect? Theſe we can, in part, gather from the well-atteſted inſtances that have frequently occurred in the conduct of the dying Chriſtian, and let us contraſt this with the conduct and expectation of the philoſopher, as well as we are able, to come at a knowledge of it; and if on the ſuppoſition that the Chriſtian's faith is vain and without foundation, they ſhall ſtill be found at leaſt in equili-

brio; will not prudence ſtill determine in favour of that, againſt which, if veracity ſhould be included in the eſſay, the other would indeed be found miſerably wanting, and deplorably defective. But what have been the well-atteſted ſentiments and expreſſions of the dying Chriſtian?—Have not his retroſpective glances often excited words like theſe—"I have endeavoured, in the courſe of my life, to love and ſerve God, and I have now the comfortable evidence of his gracious acceptance of my poor efforts; I find nothing now but peace, I have nothing to do but die, my heart is full of joy, and though the pains preceding death are great, I feel that divine ſupport that endues me with patience and reſignation, and I look forward with inexpreſſible delight to that moment that ſhall ſet my impriſoned ſpirit free; for I have no doubt but it will aſcend to him who gave it, and enter into everlaſting joy; for

I know that my redeemer liveth." Thus have the dying words of the departing ſaint poured healing balm into the wounded boſoms of his ſurrounding and ſurviving friends.

URBANUS.

I have known ſuch inſtances confirmed by thoſe, of whoſe veracity I have not the ſhadow of a doubt but it may be objected that theſe are deluſive dreams.

PHILALETHES.

Admit them to be ſo, Urbanus; yet, in the midſt of thoſe pains which neceſſarily precede our diſſolution, and ſome degree of anxious ſolicitude, which certainly a rational mind muſt feel, reſpecting it's approaching change, whether there is, or is not a vital or immortal part that ſhall ſurvive this ſtruggle; certainly that which can impart patience, peace, and even comfort in the midſt of all, and an hope that ſur-

mounts all anxiety and doubt, and enables us to look forward with joyful expectation, is a dream moſt ardently to be longed for; and thoſe who witneſs ſuch a cloſe as this, may well exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his."

Admitting then, that this is all a dream, and death is an *eternal ſleep*, how cheering is the hope, that this bright viſion may alſo be a *co-eternal dream*. But ſay, this ſleep is quite unconſcious of pleaſing or of painful dreams, the Chriſtian ſtill is right; in knowing nothing, he knows no diſappointment. How did his pleaſing hopes and fond expectation triumph over pain and fear and doubt, and filled his mind with peace and joy, and rapturous hope, that made his dying moments the happieſt of his life. This fond dream has had the happieſt effects—it has faithfully attended him through the dreary vale of death, and

ſafely lodged him in a land of forgetfulneſs and ignorance, alike unconſcious of paſt, preſent, or to come.

URBANUS.

I own this is very concluſive, Philalethes, in the Chriſtian's favour, even upon the philoſopher's own plan; but can we not be introduced to the chamber of the dying ſage—can we not be admitted there in the expiring moments of this maſter of reaſon?

PHILALETHES.

We, perhaps, may; but it is not difficult for imagination itſelf to do us this piece of ſervice, let us then take this method of introduction: what then does imagination figure to us, what picture can it preſent to us of him, who, admitting his life to have been blameleſs, derives no advantage in death from ſuch a retroſpect? proſpect he has none—heavenly ſupport or

comfort is all deluſion, long ſince chaſed by reaſon from his enlightened mind; all the merit then, of the philoſopher's creed lies here—it is not calculated to inſpire ſentiments of fear in death: a conſolation as chill as the cold hand of death that has ſeized him. Without an hope, or fear, or any thing to look to for comfort in this trying criſis, he lies and bears with all the patience he can muſter, each ſtruggle of nature, that damps with a cold ſweat, his dying brow, and all his hope centers in ſpeedy diſſolution. This, I believe, Urbanus, is a fair picture of each in death: thus, even upon the unequal terms of a ſuppoſition, that the Chriſtian's creed is falſe, and the philoſopher's is true, ſtill it appears that prudence and happineſs are on the Chriſtian's ſide through life and death.

URBANUS.

Yes, Philalethes; but if we admit, and I have heard inſtances of this related by thoſe,

of whoſe veracity I have no room to doubt, and who I alſo have no doubt were ſuperior to the paltry expedient of fabrications, to ſupport their own opinion, by traducing that which oppoſed it: if we admit that ſome doubt may ariſe, ſomething like conviction may flaſh acroſs the mind, and whiſper that reaſon has been deceived, and that the goſpel ſtill is true.

How dreadfnl then muſt he the painful doubt, the anxious fear, and trembling that attends each ſolicitous enquiry into the nature of what is next to follow; oh! how would the poor diſtreſſed ſoul now prize one ſingle line, on which it could place the Chriſtian's confidence in revelation—a confidence, or if you pleaſe, a dream of preſent conſolation, and future joy, from which, even the excruciating pains of fire itſelf cannot awaken him. Oh! for one ſentence, on which he could fix a confidence like this—that could, indeed, aſſure him

that death was an eternal ſleep, he might then indulge himſelf in the ignoble hope that all would ſoon be over, and himſelf eraſed from the liſt of beings; but he is not ſure of this. Dreadful uncertaintly indeed! and too painful a ſubject to dwell upon.—Adieu, my dear Philalethes.

PHILALETHES.

Dear Urbanus, adieu; and may we both remember that happineſs and ſafety in life and death, are on the ſide of religion; may the recollection of the reſult of this eſſay timely warn us to imitate the cautious adder, and turn a deaf ear to the voice of the ſophiſtical charmer, charm be he never ſo wiſely!

FINIS.

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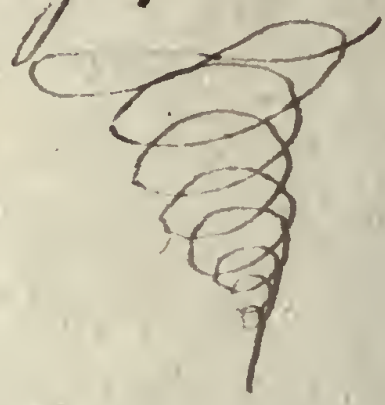
ERRATA.

Dialogue III. p. 35, dele Lavinia over the line; then dele Maria and insert Lavinia.

If any other error should have escaped notice, the reader will be kind enough to correct the same.

Thomas Lindsell
his Book
July 1st 1802



Thomas Lindsell
his Book
July 14th 1802

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Thoroughs
Lectures

FRANCIS

THOMAS

Thomson's Life